

Total Number of Worlds Printed during 1887.
83,389,828.
Average per Day for Entire Year.
228,465.

SIX YEARS COMPARED:
THE WORLD came under the present proprietorship May 10, 1882.
Yearly Average Daily
1882..... 8,151,157
1883..... 8,238,958
1884..... 26,136,785
1885..... 31,241,307
1886..... 70,126,011
1887..... 83,389,828

Sunday World's Record:
Over 200,000 Every Sunday During the Last Two Years.
The average circulation of The Sunday World during 1882 was 14,727
The average circulation of The Sunday World during 1883 was 24,034
The average circulation of The Sunday World during 1884 was 70,985
The average circulation of The Sunday World during 1885 was 166,636
The average circulation of The Sunday World during 1886 was 234,724
The average circulation of The Sunday World during 1887 was 257,267
Amount of White Paper used during the Five Years Ending Dec. 31, 1887:
For..... 1,400,000
For..... 1,400,000
For..... 1,400,000
For..... 1,400,000
For..... 1,400,000

CIRCULATION BOOKS OPEN TO ALL.

AGAINST THE "FOLLIES."

Mayor Hawitt speaks sharply in his second Message against the pernicious habit of mixing politics with justice.

Justice always gets the worst of such a mix.

The exercise of power and discretion by a police justice "to oblige political friends," the Mayor declares to be "as dangerous as it is defensible." And this misuse of power he finds to be one of the chief obstacles to a vigorous and equitable administration of justice in this city.

The Mayor is right. Police magistrates should be lawyers of good character, and they should "refrain from all active participation in local politics."

A NATURAL RESULT.
The struggle for the control of the Pennsylvania Democratic State Committee relates to delegates and offices only.

By practically saying "We Too" to the Republicans of that State on the tariff question, the Democratic leaders have succeeded in placing their party in a minority of 80,000. If the people want war duties forever it is quite natural that they should vote for the party that imposed and defends those taxes.

AT THE REVOLVER'S MOUTH.

Contractor McGrath's impulsive action in forcing a young man to give up his seat to a lady on an "L" train, by flourishing a revolver in his face, brings up the old questions of car etiquette and the need of better rapid-transit accommodations.

Car manners run from very good to very bad in New York, with the average pretty poor. It is doubtful, however, if a resort to deadly weapons will improve matters. Most women would rather stand than to get a seat at the revolver's muzzle.

What is wanted, alike in the interest of manners and comfort, is rapid-transit conveyances that will give every passenger a seat.

COAL SUPPLY FOR THE POOR.

THE EVENING WORLD'S investigation into the coal supply for the poor shows that those who are compelled to purchase fuel by the pall or half-pall really pay from 50 to 100 per cent. more than the wholesale prices.

Most of the sellers are grocery or provision dealers who claim to make no profit on the coal, but keep it for the accommodation of their customers.

This being so, it would of course not injure the dealers to have the coal supplied to the poor at cost prices. Could there be a more needed or helpful benevolence than one which should sell coal to the poor at cost prices?

Persons who mix brains with their charities should look into this question.

The plucky and level-headed Nebraska school-ma'am, who tied her thirteen scholars together, and with the string around her own waist guided the flock of little ones in safety three-quarters of a mile through a blinding blizzard to a farm-house, deserves the medal of the Life-Saving Society.

Reading's city officers and merchants think that Oar Corns has something to do towards ending the miners' and railroaders' strikes, and they very pointedly offer their services in helping to settle it.

The killing of a bull-torturer in Mexico by a wary and experienced bull was only a fair turning of the tables. It isn't just to have the "sport" all on one side.

The Old Guard fought bravely. Neither the popping of champagne bottles nor the charge of the hungry brigade intimidated them.

Tom Peary is rapidly finding out that he isn't a "bigger man than the old State of New York."

THEY ALL LIKE THEM.

Serg. Goodell, Grand Central Depot—They're very readable.

Policeman Mehan, West Thirtieth street—I think them very good.

Policeman Stephenson, West Thirtieth street—I like them very much.

Detective Carr, East Fifty-first street—It's quite a scheme to print them.

Roundsmen Ryan, Grand Central Depot—Yes, sir; they're good stories.

Policeman John MacDonald, West Thirtieth street—Very interesting.

Policeman Lawrence R. Quinn, West Thirtieth street—Excellent; all of them.

Roundsmen Michael Farley, East Thirtieth street—They're all good stories.

Acting Sergt. Lindeman, East Thirtieth street—I say they're all good stories, too.

Policeman J. H. Thompson, West Thirtieth street—Very exact and interesting.

Policeman William F. Gallagher, West Thirtieth street—"Let her go!" they're good.

Policeman John J. Morris, known as "Brannan," West Thirtieth street—Very clever.

Policeman James McManis, West Thirtieth street—I read Capt. Gastlin's story; it was very good.

Policeman Thomas Maloney, West Thirtieth street—read the stories with great interest.

Sergt. Oliver Timm, West Thirtieth street—Very interesting, indeed. I take great pleasure in reading them.

Policeman William S. Frazer, West Thirtieth street—I like them very much. I am just reading "The Fall."

Serg. Stankamp, East Fifty-first street—They are good reading—very interesting. There's no doubt of that.

Policeman McCullough, West Thirtieth street—I think them very good. I enjoyed those by Gastlin and McElwain especially.

Policeman Fraz, West Thirtieth street—I think very highly of the stories. The men who wrote them know what they are talking about.

Policeman Patrick Gray, the Adonis of West Thirtieth street—I have read all the stories, and think they are a credit to the Department.

Roundsmen Bernard Cahill, West Thirtieth street—I'm looking for THE EVENING WORLD with the one by Capt. Altaire in it, for I know it's a good one.

Policeman Tom Kennedy, the "terror of crooks," West Thirtieth street—Capt. McElwain should have with him in his noble efforts. The story is good.

Policeman Michael Connors, West Thirtieth street, who has served many years under Capt. McElwain, and is spoken of in connection with "corned beef" by his associates—I think them exact and interesting.

WORLDLINGS.

Mr. Corinne Cohn, the charming little six-year-old daughter of Prof. Henry Cohn, of Chicago, speaks German, French and English fluently and converses with ease in Yiddish.

The most characteristic part of the personal adornment of Senator George, of Mississippi, is an old-fashioned, open-faced silver watch, about as big as a tin dipper, which he carries in his breeches pocket hung upon the end of a shoe string.

The petrified remains of a buffalo of great size were dug up at Belleville, Kan., recently by workmen who were excavating for a coal shaft. The remains were found at a depth of six feet below the earth's surface and were in a fine state of preservation.

Old Uncle Siskie, who is living at Monticello, Ill., is proud of the fact that he taught Doc O'Leary to play the violin. The first time which the rugged war Governor learned, and one which he frequently plays now, was "How Tedious and Tasteless the Hours."

Senator Stanford's gift of \$20,000 to establish the Palo Alto University is probably the largest gift for the life purpose ever known in history. It is three times as great as that of Stephen Girard, who left \$5,000,000 of his fortune of \$15,000,000 to found Girard College.

Ex-Gov. Alger's great Michigan pine forest is located at Block River, on Lake Huron, near Alpena. It comprises 70,000 acres, or over one hundred square miles. The annual product of the forest is from 75,000,000 to 80,000,000 feet of lumber, according to the state of the trade. There are 500 men employed in the nine camps in the forest.

A touching incident of humble loyalty to sovereign and fatherland is that reported from Saginaw, Mich., where a German woman in poor circumstances prepaid express charges amounting to \$6 on a package of medicine which she foundy. Her post would cross the Crown Prince's diseased throat.

William Clark, a veteran of the Mexican war, who is living at Sharon, Pa., at the age of ninety-four years, knew Daniel Boone and Gen. Harrison well in his youth and was on intimate terms of friendship with Henry Clay and Gen. Scott. He says that he used to have many a game of tennis with the latter in Cincinnati.

When a Mr. Blank, of Buena Vista, Ga., became engaged to his present wife a number of years ago he gave her a yearling heifer in lieu of an engagement ring. This living pledge of their troth has given forth increase until the lady now has a band of some herd of cattle, which the husband is anxious to sell. Mrs. Blank, however, refuses to part with the cattle.

A NEW SCHOOL OF ART.

How to Make a Landscape Taught in Six Lessons.

Irishmen Elect Officers.

The Meagher's Irish Brigade Association held its annual meeting last night at the Sixty-ninth Regiment Armory. The officers, with one or two exceptions, were re-elected by acclamation. The following is a list of the officers elected: John T. Tool, President; Dennis Sullivan, Vice-President; Richard F. Flinn, Second Vice-President; Alexander Jeffrey, Third Vice-President; William Anderson, Treasurer; Patrick Lacy, Sergeant-at-Arms; and James Quinlan, William Moran, L. H. Mitchell and John Dillon as Board of Trustees.

Censuring a Railroad Company.

The Coroner's jury in the case of Mrs. Ann Brady, who on Dec. 29 was run over by a train on the Long Island Railroad at Atlantic and Ralph avenues, Brooklyn, has returned a verdict censuring the railroad company for not having proper safeguards along the track at this point. The engineers were exonerated from blame.

Eventful Voyage of La Gasconne.

The French line steamer La Gasconne, which was several days overdue, arrived here this morning. She was detained forty-three hours by disarrangement of her machinery. Maurice Gras, who was on board, says the voyage was very eventful among the stormiest in his experience of trans-Atlantic travel.

"EDDIE."

A Criminal at Large.

BY
POLICE CAPT. McCULLAGH,
Of the Elizabeth Street Station.

PART I.

[WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR "THE EVENING WORLD."] One evening an officer brought in a young man, arrested for murdering the cashier of a large Broadway house.

The case proved to be an interesting one. It was not entirely satisfactory, nor will it be so till one "Eddie" Bright is kept in four walls instead of roaming at large in New York, possibly respected by those who do not know him as well as I, and it may be, loved by friends.

The young murderer was brought into my room. He was not more than twenty-five, was a little above medium height, and of a slight, almost delicate physique. He had an olive-colored complexion, thick black hair and dark blue eyes. His mustache was also heavy and black, and he had an inch or two of side-whiskers. In appearance he resembled a Cuban.

He was not very pale, but his lips were parted and twitched nervously and his whole frame trembled. His coat sleeve, cuffs and shirt front were stained with blood. He could hardly tell one his story. Once or twice during the course of it he broke down and sobbed convulsively.

The substance of what he told me was as follows:

"My name is William Henry. I have worked as clerk with — & Co., a large wholesale house in Broadway. I have been in their employment for three years.

"About four weeks ago I was up at the Harlem River one Sunday afternoon. A gentleman whom I was unacquainted with approached and asked me for a light for his cigar.

"He was a man of about thirty-two years of age, with a very square face, large white teeth and gray eyes. His hair was inclined to curl and was thick and of a reddish brown. He wore no hair on his face.

"After he got his cigar lit, he made some remark or other, I don't remember what. But it was the beginning of a conversation. He was a good talker and made himself interesting. So much so that before we parted we had agreed to meet again on the following Sunday.

"I belong to the Young Men's Christian Association and frequently drop in at Association Hall in the morning. From there I went to meet my new acquaintance.

"He was at the place appointed, and we spent some time together. He was even more interesting than before, and had such a simple blunt sort of way about him that I found myself telling him a good many things that concerned me personally—such as where I worked, how much salary I got, and where I lived.

"I told him also of how I spent much of my time, and the places I used to go to principally. He didn't seem curious, only interested in a friendly way.

"Of course, many of the points in the young man's story were drawn out by questions from myself. But I give all he told as if he had put the things together and told his story coherently. He did tell it consistently, and had a good reason for any doubts or questions that his narrative excited in me.

"We became quite friendly. When I used to come up from downtown I would often find him at the 'L' station. He knew the time I usually got uptown after business was over, and he several times made appointments for me to meet him. We would go to some place of amusement in the evening, or to a beer-saloon, where we would sit and talk over a glass of beer and cigars.

"I got so familiar with him that I told him a good deal of my own affairs. There was a young lady I was paying attention to and of whom I was very fond. He found out that I wanted to marry her and that the principal obstacle was my not having money enough laid by to start at housekeeping on.

"He also found out what kind of a business the house did, and what I had to do. Also, a good deal about the description of things at the store, where the cashier stayed and where the money was kept.

"I should think it would make you feel a little hard," he said to me, "to see so much money handled by that firm, and know that thousands of it are spent in luxuries, such as wines and horses and actresses, when so small a portion of it would be more than enough for you to set up a nice little home with Fanny Thorne."

"Fanny Thorne was the name of the young lady that I liked so well. I knew she cared for me and would marry me whenever I felt able to support a wife and family. She was a very nice girl, indeed."

"Well, one day he said to me: 'Gad, Billy, if I were in your shoes I think I would simply slip a roll of silk under my coat every now and then. The firm wouldn't miss it, and it wouldn't be any more than your due' any way. They don't give you half enough salary for the work they get out of you.

"He said it in a good-natured way, as if half joking, but he seemed to think, just the same, that it was something he would do if he were in my place. I laughed it off, but I confess that the idea got in my mind and made some impression on me.

"After this when we met he got to talking about what an opening there was for a young fellow in the West. 'If a fellow had only a few thousand dollars he could make a fortune by going to Kansas City and putting it into real estate. I think it would be a good scheme if we could only raise a little boodle to go out there and try our luck. You could marry your girl and make money, and have everything comfortable.'

"He used to bring up this thing often after this, and he saw that I was considerably worked up about it. It did seem a fine thing, and I showed him I was willing enough to go into the business with him.

"One day he asked me when the employees were paid off at the store, and what time it was done, and who did it. I told him that the cashier used to take the money from the safe Saturday night about 5 o'clock for this purpose. Then he wanted to know how much money was usually kept in the safe, and found out that and that the safe was kept in room in the basement.

"Finally he got round to a scheme, as he called it, that would set us both on our feet. It could be worked with hardly any danger if a man had a little nerve. He said:

"'You know just where the safe is and when the cashier comes to get the money. I could make you up so that no one would know you. You take a bottle of chloroform and a handkerchief, and go to the store about the time the cashier will come. You say no body is about the place, as a rule, when he goes for the money. When he has unlocked the safe you could get your handkerchief at his nose and chloroform him, put the money box under your coat and walk out.'

"The next day you go back to your place and work for about a fortnight. Then tell them you have got a good offer from a Western house and resign. No one will ever suspect you.

"It sounds worse than I am telling it, but I was led into the thing. It was theft, of course. He didn't suggest at first that I should make any provisions for the cashier except the chloroform. But later on he worked me into taking this iron bar, so I could stun him with a blow in case he didn't get chloroformed.

"The villain got me to consent to the scheme. The day was fixed and he was to meet me at a place appointed on Canal street, if it worked all right, take the money out West and wait for me in Kansas City.

"I left Association Hall, where I had been talking to a friend last night, to go and meet Bright. He took me home with him and made me up this way. Then I went to a hotel and stayed there all night.

"This is a good disguise, as you will see when I take off the wig and side-whiskers and get this dye off of my face. It was so good that when I went to the store the man I asked for the cashier did not recognize me, although he has seen me every day for three years.

"I told him I wanted to see Mr. Carruthers and he told me I could wait in the room next to his office, where there was a fire. I went there and pretty soon Carruthers came in.

"He was in a hurry and I told him to go ahead and I would talk with him afterwards. He unlocked the safe and I said: 'This Farina's cologne is a mighty good scent for the handkerchief. Smell it.'

"I tried to put the handkerchief to his nose, but he pushed it away and wouldn't be bothered. There was the money, there was nobody about, the chloroform I felt I couldn't work. So I raised my iron bar and struck him on the head. I was excited and desperate.

"The ceiling of the room was so low that in lifting the iron bar I struck it against the ceiling and that broke the force of the blow. It made an ugly cut and the blood spurted out. Carruthers fell on the floor with a loud yell.

"When I saw the blood and him lying there, bleeding like a pig, I got very weak. My knees trembled and I seemed to have lost all strength in my arm. I couldn't hit him with the iron again. I grabbed the money box and tried to get out. But the man upstairs had heard the yell and met me.

"He asked me what the matter was, and my confused answer and nervousness made him suspect me. He grabbed me as I tried to run, and held me till the police came. This is the first time I ever attempted anything like this.

He was completely unstrung again and broke down completely.

PART II. To-Morrow.

Passing Through the City.

Major John T. Little, U. S. A., is registered at the Victoria.

Dr. Alexander Boale, of Philadelphia, is a guest of the Gaiety.

Major R. E. Cullinan is one of many military men at the Oriental Hotel.

Mr. J. B. McCann, the Lexington (Ky.) distiller, is at the Union Square.

Ex-Gov. Hooper, of Montana, arrived at the Fifth Avenue this morning.

H. V. Burke, proprietor of the Hotel Richellen, Ch. V. Burke, of Boston.

David F. Connor, one of the best-known jewelers in the Quaker City, "holds forth" at the Hoffman.

Staying at the St. James is Mr. F. W. Hinderkopf, of Washington, and Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Gedday, of Goshen.

Ex-Senator Daniel H. McMillan, of Buffalo; Mr. S. Mover, of Amsterdam, and W. P. Bourke, of Albany, are booked at the Hoffman.

A delegation of "active workers," headed by Major R. L. Banks, Jr., of New York, and Dr. J. B. McCann, of Lexington, are at the Hoffman.

Among the guests at the Morton House are: P. F. Backus, of San Francisco; Wm. Mason, of Birmingham, and John E. Burke, of Hartford.

Mr. T. Hyder, the Boston cotton broker; Warren H. Mott, St. Paul, Minn.; and L. Mitchell, Kingston, Ont., are "doing time" at the Astor to-day.

Among the names on the Hoffman's register are Dr. and Mrs. Henry E. Townsend, of Boston; Dr. J. C. Johnson, of Rutland; James and Thomas MacCreddie, of Albany, and A. L. Johnson, of Albany.

Registered at the Grand are Capt. W. A. Rappery, U. S. A.; Lieut. T. R. Adams, U. S. A.; Lieut. C. B. Wheeler, U. S. A.; Lieut. J. A. Shearman, U. S. N.; and Ensign W. F. Walter, U. S. N.

Recent arrivals at the Fifth Avenue include A. J. Draxel, the Philadelphia banker; Miss G. M. Colby, of the Boston Hotel; and W. J. Johnson, President of the Young Men's Republican Club, of Boston.

W. W. Kelly, Manager of the Princess Theatre, London, is in town for a few days and is stopping at the Grand Hotel. Miss Grace Hawthorne, the actress, is also in the city, and the theatre which was formerly run by Wilson Barrett.

WORDS FROM THE PEOPLE.

THE RISE IN THE PRICE OF COAL IS BAD NEWS FOR THE RETAILERS.

Dealers Who Will Handle Coal for Nothing Rather than Put an Additional Burden on the Poor—People Buy in Small Quantities Because They Have to—How a Little Girl Wanted to Get Warm.

The announcement made by the Retail Coal Dealers' Exchange yesterday of an advance of 25 cents in the prices of all kinds of coal will be bad news for the retail grocers who sell coal by the pailful. It means a reduction of profits to almost nothing, or an increase in the price charged the poor buyer. It is believed that most of the retail dealers will handle coal for nothing rather than put an additional burden upon the poor. THE EVENING WORLD'S talks with retailers are continued to-day:

August Reller, who keeps a well-stocked grocery store at 428 West Forty-sixth street, said: "I have been selling coal at nine cents the bucket, but have been obliged to raise the price to 10 cents. I don't make a cent on all the coal I sell, and only keep it because my customers demand it."

F. Otto, of 444 West Forty-sixth street, owns a good-sized store, where he sells groceries, vegetables and coal. He said: "For the past two months I have sold it for 10 cents a bucket, or six cents a half-bucket. This leaves me about 75 cents on a ton to pay cartage and labor. I don't make a cent on coal."

"Why do people buy coal in such small quantities?" he was asked.

"Well," he returned, "some think that by buying in small quantities they can save money. I don't know. I know that they won't mind the expense so much. Then, I suppose that some really can't get money enough at one time to pay for more. I think it's the monopoly of the coal dealers that keeps the price so high. Now, look at sugar; it has risen in price from six cents to seven and a quarter cents per pound, and vegetables are just the same. It's a bad winter."

D. Janssen, who used to sell only dairy products at 550 Tenth avenue, now has an additional stock of groceries and vegetables. He said: "I keep coal simply because the people ask and expect me to sell it mostly by the half pail, for which I get 6 cents. They think, and I guess it's true, that they get more coal in two half buckets than in one whole one. I sell potatoes by the quart and the people are grumbling because I charge them 7 cents a quart for them. For butter I get 33, 28 and 25 cents a pound, according to the quality. The best eggs I sell for 24 cents a dozen, and those that are not so fresh for 20 cents. Everything is high, and I can see that the poor people suffer."

John Bargin is the fine-looking proprietor of a grocery store at 135 West Forty-sixth street. "I sell more half buckets of coal than anything," he said, "and get six cents for that. I charge \$5.75 for a ton of coal. I buy one ton at a time, and only wish I had one to buy. Yes, this cold snap has had its effect on the people, and they have to buy more coal than they did."

Just after the reporter had entered the attractive little grocery belonging to John Bargin, at 135 West Forty-sixth street, a little girl rushed in carrying a basket. Her large, blue eyes were bright with eagerness as she cried out: "Oh, John, a quart of potatoes and a loaf of bread! Hurry up, now! My! I'm cold!" And the little thing drew her hand down her cheeks and shivered.

"Why don't you go over to the stove and get warm?" asked the reporter.

"That won't make me warm," replied she.

"Dinner!" exclaimed the little one in answer, and with her head and shoulders tightly clasped in her hands, blue from the cold, the expectant ten-year-old ran out of the store as quickly as she had entered it.

Then in the interval of time which elapsed between the drawing of a pint of kerosene for an old man and a cup of milk for a young child, Mr. Bargin said to the reporter: "I sold coal for eight cents a bucket, but now it's 10 cents. I don't sell so much as I did, for the peddlers can buy it \$1 a ton cheaper. Everything is dear this winter. I tried it a few years ago, but I am careful about it. I trusted one fellow for \$30 worth of stuff, and I can't get a cent from him; but many of my customers buy \$2 or \$3 worth during the week, and then pay on Saturday. This little spell caused a deal of suffering among the poor, I tell you!"

John Becker keeps a grocery store at 151 East Houston street. He said: "I sell a little trade and small profits. I just about make a living. My customers are poor people and they buy in small quantities, just enough to live upon. A quart of potatoes is usually sold for a half cent, but a half pound of the most I sell at a time as a rule. I do not give credit. If I did I might just as well get out of the business."

East Houston street, a little grocery store at 25 First street. "My customers are mostly poor people," he said, "and all my sales are in small lots—potatoes by the quart and so on. I do not give credit. I tried it a few years ago, but I lost too much by it."

At 34 Second avenue is the grocery store of John Jaeger. He speaks more cheerfully: "I do not think I can complain," he said, "but I have a hard time of it. The coal is dear, but it is brightening up now. As my trade is with poor or middling poor people my sales are in small lots. I very rarely give credit."

Thomas Dudgeon, grocer, of 260 West Eighth street, has his store compactly stocked with a choice line of goods. He is assisted by his wife, who is a pretty and energetic little woman. Mr. Dudgeon says: "A little while ago I located here the past nine weeks. Business has been steadily improving since the holidays. I sell no coal inasmuch as the man in the basement next door makes his living by selling it. I have little coal as my wife and I manage the business. My receipts last week were \$175."

Charles Busch, of 229 West Nineteenth street, says: "Business is middling at the moment. When I raised the price of coal my customers, who are mostly poor working people, objected to the advance, but they have become reconciled."

"I bought this place two months ago. The place was run down, but I am doing a good business now, although at this time of the year business is always dull. I sell coal for nine cents a pail. My customers are mainly among the working class."

Henry Gerken, of 269 Spring street, says: "I have been here five years. I don't find business as good as it was this time last year. I anticipated the advance in coal, and bought a large quantity months ago, consequently the raise in price does not affect me. I sell coal for nine cents a pail."

J. Schaefer, of 91 Prince street, says: "Business with me is first rate. I do a strictly cash business, and find it more profitable. I charge for coal 10 cents a pail, but I can't afford to sell it cheaper, owing to the greed of the coal barons. You EVENING WORLD people are wonderfully enterprising. What are you going to do next?"

No Place for Him Here.

James Fitzgerald, an active man, of forty-seven years, was committed as a vagrant this morning to the Yorkville Police Court.

"There is nothing here for me to do," said he; "I can't get any more work, and I don't know what to do. I can't knock another man down and take his money away from him."

Outside of a French Blacksmith.

Signman Connel Cuttara, a French blacksmith, aged forty-four, was found in a woodshed in the rear of his home, 120 Rivington street, Jersey City, this morning, with his throat cut. He was insane.

Miles on Mr. Nicholas Avenue.

St. Nicholas avenue was full of fyers this morning, and will undoubtedly be crowded this afternoon with merry sleighs.

CHURCH OF ST. JOHN, THE BAPTIST.

From a Very Humble Beginning It Rises to a Position of Much Influence.

The Church of St. John the Baptist, which is located in West Thirtieth street, between Sixth and Seventh avenues, is devoted almost exclusively to the spiritual interests of the German Catholics of that part of